THE ADVERTISER'S PAGE for WOMEN

TEA GOWN OF HELIOTROPE LIBERTY SATIN COMBINED WITH LACE OVER IVORY-WHITE TAFFETA

TEA GOWN of heliotrope liberty satin, combined with lace, over ivory-white taffeta. The three-piece foundation of taffeta is finished with a lace-edged accordion plaiting; it i attached to the waist lining at belt, the opening being at left side. On the front gore breadth is draped cream-white all-over Lierre lace, in a small sprigged design. A full flounce of wide Lierre lace at bottom. The princess sides and back are of the liberty satin, finished with a jabot of the Lierre lace down the fronts, continuing as a ruffle around the slight train. The satin sleeves are very short on front seam, and fall to a point at elbow, and are edge with cream-white velvet baby ribbon. The undersleeve is of the all-over Lie e, shirred, and falling in frilled point overhand, finished with the narrow vel et. The drapery of Lierre on front of bodice crosses over to left side, blou ing in front at waistline. Bands of the liberty satin trimmed with the narrow velvet finish at top. The wide collar is of Lierre, and at inner corne has a fluffy bow of the Lierre lace tightly knotted at center.

GOWN OF NAVY BLUE ENGLISH CHEVIOT OVER SAME COLOR TAFFETA

GOWN of navy blue English cheviot, over same color taffeta. The three-piece taffeta foundation is finished with an accordion plaiting. The cheviot drop skirt is circular an in two pices, with opening down right side. It is laid in small plaits round sides and back, stitched down with black silk to within nine inches of th hem, from which point they flare. Down right side and round border of skirt are three rows of black and gold soutache, with small black satin-covered buttons in groups of three at ten-inch intervals. The fancy bolero is slashed front and back, and has bell-shaped elbow sleeves which are also slashed. Rows of the braid finish border, and are continued over shoulder from opening in front to corresponding one at back. Across these openings the buttons are connected by loops of black silk cord. The sleeves are similarly finished and trimmed. The flare collar also has rows of the braid, with groups of buttons on front edges.

A FASHIONABLE FACE.

She is a very fortunate girl nowadays who has the fashionable face. To be sure, she is not necessarily beautiful, but she is distinguished by the fact that she is fashionable. Then, too, she has a certain nobility of feature which is pleasing and an honesty of expression which is the mark of character. She has a good strong face, a typical American face, a face full of expression and intelligence.

It has been a great many years since there has prevailed so marked a type of fashionable feature. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there has ever been a single type which has been recognized so prevalently in this country as fashionable. All society girls nowadays have the same general cast of feature, which is aided by the same methods of doing the hair and the same poise of the body, the same walk, the same smile, to make a young woman who is fashionable and who at the same time is decidedly American.

Of course she is an athletic girl, because society folk of today are giving their most constant attention to athletics—out-door games and exercises. Golf has given every man and woman who has played it and many people who have not that loose awkward walk which is now so generally approved. It has given, too, the heavy-soled shoes which are being worn both for street and evening wear; it has given the loose gloves which are now seen everywhere; it has given the straight hair which every woman must wear. There was a time, when golf first came to the place of honor on the calendar, that curled hair was permissible, even fashionable. Then came the golf and the outdoor tramping with the wind to blow the curl out of some people's hair no matter how many times a day it was put in. The swinging gait is a necessity of golf, if one is to play an interesting game, and the swinging arms are a necessity as well—not of the game perhaps, but at least of the player. The golfer always carries one club in his hand, balanced with the head forward, and as he walks he unconsciously swings it from side to side, both of his arms swinging with it. In the forgetful interest of the game he is apt to bend his body slightly forward as he walks, thus increasing the facility with which he swings his arms. The shoulders are kept square and straight, the body bending from the hips.

POISE IS ASSUMED BY EVERYONE.

So prevalent has this poise become both among golfers and others that one can almost count the younger men and women one sees on the street who do not assume it. Started by society leaders who gave golf its first impetus of success, it has been adopted by everyone as the fashionable carriage of the season. And whether people wish to be considered fashionable or not they adopt the walk unconsciously from seeing everyone else use it.

The same is true of the fashionable face; it is an effect of features which has been accentuated by certain conditions, not the least of which is the golf-playing mania of the day. Other influences are recognizable in its composition—the influence of clubs and higher education and the habit of being well read, which is becoming a characteristic of the American people. The result of all these influences is for the good; the face reflects a serious, analytical frame of mine, substantial opinions and the ability for careful thinking. It is not a heavy face, but one full of life and animation, with a pleasant smile, which comes and goes easily and happily.

ROSE STEM SEVEN FEET LONG.

A large, red, very fragrant rose, the stem of which is over seven feet in length and filled with heavy, dark-green leaves, was presented to the Baltimore Sun by Dr. George W. Fisher, No. 824 Park avenue.

Dr. Fisher calls this rose the "Paul Neyron." It resembles the American Beauty. In the doctor's garden, back of his house, there are eighty varieties of roses, including, besides sixteen large bushes of American Beauties, now in full bud, the La France, Bridemaid, Meteor, Etoile de Lyon, Kaiserin and many other choice perpetual-blooming varieties—rarest and loveliest of all, the "Helen Gould."

This species is of a soft, odd pink color. Mrs. Fisher calls it "cerise," but the doctor says it is more the shade of a melon. To be exact, the color is that of the little groups of pink clouds often seen reflected in a tropical sea.

This rose, the odor of which is very sweet, was never grown in Baltimore before this summer. It was originated by a New York florist, who sent out thousands of slips of it to the rose-growers throughout the county, with the request that each would suggest an appropriate name. Dr. Fisher suggested the name "Helen Gould," and, strangely enough, the same name was chosen by 500 others, none of whom knew another's choice. Like the tropical clouds, the petals of this rose are tinted with a white border.

DON'TS FOR GIRLS.

Don't try to be grown up too soon.

Don't cultivate a man who is looking for his "ideal." Very likely he is a crank; certainly he is a silly creature.

Don't be hilarious, but do be jolly.

Don't be sentimental; men flee from sentiment as a pestilence.

Don't be affected. Be as well mannered as possible, but be sincere.

Don't be Miss Primish. A nice girl sees only what pleases her, hears only what she chooses; the rest is tact.

Don't try to captivate; your efforts will be detected, and you will be voted a schemer.

Don't be ashamed of poverty. Be ashamed of untidiness, of soiled hands, cheap jewelry, tawny hats and flashy gowns. The poorest girl can be neat and dress with taste.

Don't have too many men callers. There is not safety in numbers, if a girl cares for sincere attentions from one man.

Don't permit the slightest familiarity from men. Even old men need severe snubbing occasionally.

THE FUEL OF PARIS.

Apropos of the amount of coke, wood and oil used in Paris, says the Paris Messenger, one of our contemporaries has been making some inquiries into this subject, and the following figures, supplied by the Hotel de Ville, may be of interest. Paris burns annually 1,500,000,000 of kilograms of coke, about 700,000 tons; 3,000,000 sacks of charbon de bois—charcoal—for cooking; 285,000 cubic metres of wood; 50,000 cubic metres of fagots. The Octroi duties on the wood amount to 1,000,000 francs; the charcoal brings in 2,000,000 francs, and the Octroi duties on the coke and oil amount to 11,000,000 francs. Add to this the amount of coal and the Octroi duties paid on it, and then we get some idea of not only what Paris consumes, but what the Parisians pay in the shape of Octroi duties for such necessaries as coal, coke, wood, charcoal and oil.

FLORENTINE RED.

If you have a reception room in the north end of your house, where sunshine is chary of entering, you can bring some look of cheer into the dark apartment by a judicious choice of wall papers. Choose a deeply-tinted Florentine red in a "flock" paper, which has a velvet pile on the surface. This will make your walls glow with the color of a Jacqueminot rose.

BEAUTY OF CARRIAGE.

Writes Cousin Madge in London Truth: About a month ago some one wrote to Truth over the signature "A Lover of Beauty," drawing attention to the—

"Ungainly walk of most all those most beautiful and exquisitely-dressed ladies, as fair as can be, who frequent Hyde Park after church on Sundays. Beautiful as they are, it must be confessed that most of them waddle or slouch rather than walk. Few—alas, how very few!—have that posture or bearing which is essential to gracefulness and far more attractive in woman that the costliest of dresses. The truth I find to be that they have never yet learned to walk. Would that they could see their sisters in Calle Florida, Buenos Ayres! Then it would be realized by them that their gait is deformed in comparison with that of their Latin sisters."

I am afraid there is considerable truth in this accusation. I have often noticed how very few English girls can manage to hold their heads up without looking self-assertive, keep their shoulders flat without looking stiff, or hold the chest well forward without resembling a pouter pigeon. And very, very few have a thoroughbred action of the knees. It is delightful when one comes across a girl who sails along with absolute grace, holding her shoulders back, her chin up but not out, and her elbows in their natural position; not squared back in the queer fashion of the hour. Look at the fashion plates! There you will see the elbow position that makes every woman look out of drawing. It is not pretty. Is it? The human elbow was never intended to project at the back of the waist in this curious way. Almost all the figures in fashion plates are drawn with the body, from the waist upward, at an angle of 45 with the line of the lower limbs.

I fancy that much of the ungraceful walking is caused by tight lacing and tight boots. A girl we know, who used to stutter along in No. 4 shoes, was advised by her doctor to walk four hours a day in order to counteract the ill-effects of a sluggish liver. To manage so much pedestrianism she had to wear No. 5 shoes; but if this was a disadvantage it was amply atoned for by the improvement in her walk and carriage. She no longer stutters on her feet, but gets over the ground in splendid style, with "the gait of a goddess," like the heroine of a modern novel.

PAID FOR HER CURIOSITY.

A widow named Fischer observed a young man deeply absorbed in a book and being curious asked him what he was reading about, says a Berlin correspondent of the London Express. He replied that it was the Book of Judges—that by studying the book and with the help of the devil and the performance of sundry rites, unheard of riches could be obtained.

The woman, still more curious, became a prey to the learned young man, who thereupon represented that the devil charged extremely high fees.

Widow Fischer told the story to a neighbor, with the result that both women expended their savings on the necessary ceremonies, one being the preparation of a very savory broth, which the devil's agent was to drink with impressive gestures.

Unfortunately for the two women, the devil happened to be away from home and the promised stores of gold could not be supplied that day.

The learned young student of the Book of Judges is now safely in the hands of the police.

THE CORDON BLEU.

Not satisfied merely with her reputation for good cooking, Paris is founding a culinary league, by means of which she hopes to disseminate the science of the sauce-pan.

Already she has a famous society of the Cordon Bleu, or Blue Ribbon of the Kitchen, a teaching university, conducted by past masters of the art. It is managed by a committee of great chefs, all of whom have borne the heat and burden of the day in many a savory kitchen. They have their headquarters in that famous rendezvous of gourmets, the Palais Royal, and here they wield the most skilled basting spoons in France.

Around a corpulent old chef, crowned with traditional white cap, a dozen or more young women watch the confection of a ragout. As he cuts up the vegetables, prepares the sauce and juggles with a saucepan he maintains a learned disquisition, interrupted now and again by a question from an inquiring pupil.

The Cordon Bleu has been established for five years and during that time has turned out many efficient cooks. Its aim is to teach the art of cooking well and economically, for French housewives prefer a cuisiniere who does not waste material.

So the chef explains that it is not necessary to add a lump of butter to every dish. "The natural fat of the meat would in nearly every case be sufficient," he says, "and is by no means necessary to supplement every dish with butter, or grease, or oil. These only fatigue the stomach and the best cook is she who uses least grease."

The Cordon Bleu frequently has English and sometimes American pupils. For $20 a month a pupil may attend every day, learn to cook her own dejeuner and have it served up as soon as it is ready. Her early martyrdom is a happy augury for married happiness. One of the professors of the school is decorated with the Legion of Honor and all are at the head of their profession.

Recently the Cordon Bleu has established a circuit system for the provinces. Each chef in turn takes his tour and the French Government, which knows the value to the nation of good cooking, make a grant in aid of these provincial lectures and demonstrations.

GROWING OLD.

A little more gray in the lessening hair
Each day as the years go by;
A little more stooping of the form,
A little more dim the eye.
A little more faltering of the step
As we tread life's pathway o'er,
But a little nearer every day
To the ones who have gone before.

A little more halting of the gait,
And a dullness of the ear;
A growing weariness of the frame
With each swift-passing year.
A fading of hopes, and ambitions, too,
A faltering in life's quest;
But a little nearer every day
To a sweet and peaceful rest.

A little more loneliness in life
As the dear ones pass away;
A bigger claim on the heavenly land
With every passing day.
A little farther from toil and care,
A little less way to roam;
A drawing near to a peaceful voyage
And a happy welcome home.
—Los Angeles Herald.

OSTRACISE HIM.

First Workingman—Hodder is going to be married.

Second Workingman—Well, I don't care.

First Workingman — Don't you, though? He's going to marry a working girl and she doesn't belong to the union!

PORTO RICO TEACHERS' WORK.

The first woman superintendent of schools in Porto Rico, Mrs. Ruth Shaffner Etnier, has returned to her home at Newville, Pa., after eighteen months' earnest labor in our recently acquired island. In addition to her work as an educator Mrs. Etnier acted as an organizer of temperance societies, and has succeeded even beyond her anticipations in awakening an interest among the natives in the cause of total abstinence. In connection with the latter movement she spoke freely the other day.

"One of the most gratifying things I noted on the island," she said, "was that there was no intemperance. I never saw a Spaniard or a native drunk. There were no saloons until the war begun, and three have been closed since the army's withdrawal. Drinks are sold at nearly all the grocery stores. Smoking is almost universal, and I doubt whether any anti-tobacco crusade would meet with any success there at all.

"There were fifty schools under my supervision. The smallest had an attendance of two pupils, and the others varied up to 100. There are not enough desks to go around in the supply sent over by Uncle Sam, so some schools have only one dsk, and the pupils take turns at writing. There is nearly always one pen and one bottle of ink and the teacher passes them from student to student.

"Their estimate of books is an amusing revelation. To a bazar that we gave to raise funds for providing a public almshouse, the first in the province, Whitcomb Riley sent a silk bound volume of his poems, enriched with his photograph. 'What price do you think we should put upon this?' I asked, after explaining the book of the author. 'A peso and a quarter' (80 cents in gold), was the answer. Now it was a children's picture book in gaudy colors, a cheap edition that may be duplicated for a few cents in America. I objected to the high price put on it. 'But, see, it is thicker than this,' said a bank president, holding it against the poems of Riley.

"Chaperons rule the social life and show no signs of stepping into the background with Miss Columbia's approach, but love-making proceeds right under their eye. The matron sits in the room, and isn't asked to turn her head aside at the most sentimental moments. I observed this accidentally through the window of my home which looked across the street a few feet wide into the residence of one of the richest families in Porto Rico.

"If a cavalier is not acceptable to the father he rents a room opposite his sweetheart's dwelling, and they converse with signs for a few hours each day. When there is a death even the babies wear mourning. Mirrors are turned to the wall, and the women of the family are not seen outside their homes for six months."

GAS BY THE CAN.

Gas by the can is a Parisian novelty, according to Sterling Helig's letter in the New York Press.

The gas fountains—using the word in the French sense—are long, narrow metal boxes, standing upright, of solid construction, to hold compressed illuminating gas, that by means of rubber tubes is led to incandescent burners by way of movable lamps like those that stand on center tables in America.

The gas boxes, sold to the consumer at $5 each, require only to be taken home and set up on shelves. Three form the regulation "battery" for a moderate sized house lighting the three rooms which the French light brilliantly, the dining room, the anteroom and the kitchen.

One of these bidons, or gas boxes, represents a provision of about 1,000 candle hours, which means 10 candles during 100 hours, or 20 candles during 50 hours, and so on. When the bidons are empty the company exchanges them for full ones at a dollar apiece.